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*Elegies.*  
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C. SHAW,  
— PRATT,  
R. JAGO,

by

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## ELEGIES.

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### TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY.

BY CUTHBERT SHAW.

Yet do I live! O how shall I sustain  
This vast unutterable weight of woe?  
This worse than hunger, poverty, or pain,  
Or all the complicated ills below—  
She, in whose life my hopes were treasur'd all,

Is gone—for ever fled—

My dearest Emma's dead;

These eyes, these tear-swoln eyes beheld her fall:  
Ah no—she lives on some far happier shore,  
She lives—but (cruel thought) she lives for me no more.

I, who the tedious absence of a day  
Remov'd, would languish for my charmer's sight,  
Would chide the lingering moments for delay,  
And fondly blame the slow return of night;

How, how shall I endure

(O misery past a cure)!

Hours, days, and years, successively to roll,  
Nor ever more behold the comfort of my soul?

Was she not all my fondest wish could frame?

Did ever mind so much of heav'n partake?

Did she not love me with the purest flame,

And give up friends and fortune for my sake?

Though mild as evening skies,  
With downcast streaming eyes,  
Stood the sterne frown of supercilious brows,  
Deaf to their brutal threats, and faithful to her vows,

Come then, some muse, the saddest of the train,  
(No more your bard shall dwell on idle lays)  
Teach me each moving melancholy strain,  
And O discard the pageantry of phrase:  
Ill suit the flow'rs of speech with woes like mine!

Thus, haply, as I paint  
The source of my complaint,  
My soul may own th' impassion'd line;  
A flood of tears may gush to my relief,  
And from my swelling heart discharge this load of  
grief.

Forbear, my fond officious friends, forbear  
To wound my ears with the sad tales you tell;  
"How good she was, how gentle, and how fair!"  
In pity cease—alas! I know too well:  
How in her sweet expressive face  
Beam'd forth the beauties of her mind,  
Yet heighten'd by exterior grace  
Of manners most engaging, most refin'd:  
No piteous object could she see,  
But her soft bosom shar'd the woe,  
Whilst smiles of affability  
Endear'd whatever boon she might bestow,  
Whate'er th' emotions of her heart,  
Still shone conspicuous in her eyes,  
Stranger to ev'ry female art,  
Alike to feign, or to disguise;  
And O the boast how rare!



The secret in her faithful breast repos'd,  
She ne'er with lawless tongue disclos'd,  
In sacred silence lodg'd inviolate there.

O feeble words—unable to express  
Her matchless virtue, or my own distress!  
Relentless death! that, steel'd to human woe,  
With murd'rous hands deals havock on mankind,  
Why (cruel!) strike this deprecated blow,  
And leave such wretched multitudes behind?  
Hark! groans come wing'd on ev'ry breeze!  
The sons of grief prefer their ardent vow;  
Oppress'd with sorrow, want, or dire disease,  
And supplicate thy aid, as I do now:  
In vain.—Perverse, still on the unweeting head  
'T is thine thy vengeful darts to shed;  
Hope's infant blossoms to destroy,  
And drench in tears the face of joy.  
But oh, fell tyrant! yet expect the hour  
When virtue shall renounce thy pow'r;  
When thou no more shalt blot the face of day,  
Nor mortals tremble at thy rigid sway.  
Alas the day!—where'er I turn my eyes,  
Some sad memento of my loss appears;  
I fly the fatal house—suppress my sighs,  
Resolv'd to dry my unavailing tears:

But, ah! in vain—no change of time or place  
The memory can efface  
Of all that sweetness, that enchanting air,  
Now lost; and nought remains but anguish and de-  
spair.

Where were the delegates of heav'n, oh where!  
Appointed virtue's children safe to keep!  
Had innocence or virtue been their care,

She had not dy'd, nor had I liv'd to weep ;  
Mov'd by my tears, and by her patience mov'd,  
To see her force the endearing smile,  
My sorrows to beguile,  
When torture's keenest rage she prov'd ;  
Sure they had warded that untimely dart,  
Which broke her thread of life, and rent a husband's  
heart.

How shall I e'er forget that dreadful hour,  
When, feeling death's resistless pow'r,  
My hand she press'd, wet with her falling tears,  
And thus, in falt'ring accents spoke her fears !  
“ Ah, my lov'd lord, the transient scene is o'er,  
And we must part (alas !) to meet no more !  
But, oh ! if e'er thy Emma's name was dear,  
If e'er thy vows have charm'd my ravish'd ear ;  
If, from thy lov'd embrace my heart to gain,  
Proud friends have frown'd, and fortune smil'd in  
vain ;

If it has been my sole endeavour still  
To act in all obsequious to thy will ;  
To watch thy very smiles, thy wish to know,  
Then only truly blest when thou wert so :  
If I have doated with that fond excess,  
Nor love could add, nor fortune make it less ;  
If this I've done, and more—oh then be kind  
To the dear lovely babe I leave behind.  
When time my once-lov'd memory shall efface,  
Some happier maid may take thy Emma's place,  
With envious eyes thy partial fondness see,  
And hate it for the love thou bore to me ;  
My dearest Shaw, forgive a woman's fears,  
But one word more (I cannot bear thy tears)

Promise—and I will trust thy faithful vow,  
(Oft have I try'd, and ever found thee true)  
That to some distant spot thou wilt remove  
This fatal pledge of hapless Emma's love,  
Where safe thy blandishments it may partake,  
And, oh! be tender for its mother's sake.  
Wilt thou?—

I know thou wilt—sad silence speaks assent,  
And in that pleasing hope thy Emma dies content."

I, who with more than manly strength have bore  
The various ills impos'd by cruel fate,  
Sustain the firmness of my soul no more,  
But sink beneath the weight:

Just heav'n! (I cry'd) from memory's earliest day  
No comfort has thy wretched suppliant known,  
Misfortune still with unrelenting sway  
Has claim'd me for her own.

But O—in pity to my grief, restore  
This only source of bliss; I ask—I ask no more—  
Vain hope—th' irrevocable doom is past,  
Ev'n now she looks—she sighs her last—  
Vainly I strive to stay her fleeting breath,  
And, with rebellious heart, protest against her death.

When the stern tyrant clos'd her lovely eyes,  
How did I rave, untaught to bear the blow!  
With impious wish to tear her from the skies;  
How curse my fate in bitterness of woe!  
But whither would this dreadful frenzy lead?

Fond man, forbear,

Thy fruitless sorrow spare,

Dare not to ask what heav'n's high will decreed;  
In humble rev'rence kiss the afflictive rod,  
And prostrate bow to an offended God.

Perhaps kind heav'n in mercy dealt the blow,  
 Some saving truth thy roving soul to teach;  
 To wean thy heart from grov'ling views below,  
 And point out bliss beyond misfortune's reach:  
 To shew that all the flatt'ring schemes of joy,  
 Which tow'ring hope so fondly builds in air,  
 One fatal moment can destroy,  
 And plunge th'exulting maniac in despair.  
 Then, O! with pious fortitude sustain  
 Thy present loss—haply, thy future gain;  
 Nor let thy Emma die in vain;  
 Time shall administer its wonted balm,  
 And hush this storm of grief to no displeasing calm.

Thus the poor bird, by some disast'rous fate,  
 Caught and imprison'd in a lonely cage,  
 Torn from its native fields, and dearer mate,  
 Flutters a while, and spends its little rage:  
 But, finding all its efforts weak and vain,  
 No more it pants and rages for the plain;  
 Moping a while, in sullen mood  
 Droops the sweet mourner—but, ere long,  
 Prunes its light wings, and pecks its food,  
 And meditates the song:  
 Serenely sorrowing, breathes its piteous case,  
 And with its plaintive warblings saddens all the place.  
 Forgive me, heav'n—yet—yet the tears will flow,  
 To think how soon my scene of bliss is past!  
 My budding joys just promising to blow,  
 All nipt and wither'd by one envious blast!  
 My hours, that laughing wont to fleet away,  
     Move heavily along;  
     Where's now the sprightly jest, the jocund song?

Time creeps unconscious of delight :  
 How shall I cheat the tedious day ?  
 And O—the joyless night !  
 Where shall I rest my weary head ?  
 How shall I find repose on a sad widow'd bed ?

Come, Theban drug,\* the wretch's only aid,  
 To my torn heart its former peace restore ;  
 Thy votary wrapp'd in thy Lethean shade,  
 A while shall cease his sorrows to deplore ;  
 Haply when lock'd in sleep's embrace,  
 Again I shall behold my Emma's face ;  
 Again with transport hear  
 Her voice soft whisp'ring in my ear ;  
 May steal once more a balmy kiss,  
 And taste at least of visionary bliss.

But, ah ! th' unwelcome morn's obtruding light  
 Will all my shadowy schemes of bliss depose,  
 Will tear the dear illusion from my sight,  
 And wake me to the sense of all my woes ;  
 If to the verdant fields I stray,  
 Alas ! what pleasures now can these convey ?  
 Her lovely form pursues where'er I go,  
 And darkens all the scene with woe.  
 By nature's lavish bounties cheer'd no more,

Sorrowing I rove,


Through valley, grot, and grove ;  
 Nought can their beauties or my loss restore ;  
 No herb, no plant, can med'cine my disease,  
 And my sad sighs are borne on ev'ry passing breeze.  
 Sickness and sorrow hov'ring round my bed,  
 Who now with anxious haste shall bring relief,  
 With lenient hand support my drooping head,

\* Laudanum.

Assuage my pains, and mitigate my grief?  
Should worldly business call away,  
Who now shall in my absence fondly mourn,  
Count ev'ry minute of the loit'ring day,  
Impatient for my quick return?  
Should aught my bosom discompose,  
Who now with sweet complacent air  
Shall smooth the rugged brow of care,  
And soften all my woes?  
Too faithful memory—Cease, O cease—  
How shall I e'er regain my peace?  
(O to forget her!)—but how vain each art,  
Whilst ev'ry virtue lives imprinted on my heart.  
And thou, my little cherub, left behind;  
To hear a father's plaints, to share his woes,  
When reason's dawn informs thy infant mind,  
And thy sweet-lipping tongue shall ask the cause,  
How oft with sorrow shall mine eyes run o'er,  
When, twining round my knees, I trace  
Thy mother's smile upon thy face?  
How oft to my full heart shalt thou restore  
Sad memory of my joys—ah now no more!  
By blessings once enjoy'd now more distressed,  
More beggar by the riches once possess'd.  
My little darling!—dearer to me grown  
By all the tears thou caus'd—(O strange to hear!)  
Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,  
Thy cradle purchas'd with thy mother's bier:  
Who now shall seek, with fond delight,  
Thy infant steps to guide aright?  
She who with doating eyes would gaze  
On all thy little artless ways,  
By all thy soft endearments blest,



And clasp thee oft with transport to her breast,  
Alas! is gone——Yet shalt thou prove  
A father's dearest, tenderest love;  
And O sweet senseless smiler (envied state)!  
As yet unconscious of thy hapless fate,  
When years thy judgment shall mature,  
And reason shews those ills it cannot cure,  
Wilt thou, a father's grief t' assuage,  
For virtue prove the phœnix of the earth  
(Like her, thy mother dy'd to give thee birth),  
And be the comfort of my age  
When sick and languishing I lie,  
Wilt thou my Emma's wonted care supply?  
And oft as to thy list'ning ear  
Thy mother's virtue's and her fate I tell,  
Say, wilt thou drop the tender tear,  
Whilst on the mournful theme I dwell?  
Then fondly stealing to thy father's side,  
Whene'er thou seest the soft distress,  
Which I would vainly seek to hide,  
Say, wilt thou strive to make it less?  
To sooth my sorrows, all my cares employ,  
And in my cup of grief infuse one drop of joy?



## OF A NIGHTINGALE.

BY MR. PRATT.

For Elusino lost,—renew the strain,  
Pour the sad note upon the ev'ning gale;  
And, as the length'ning shades usurp the plain,  
The silent moon shall listen to the tale.  
Sore was the time—ill-fated was the hour,  
The thicket shook with many an omen dire!  
When from the topmost twig of yonder bow'r,  
I saw my husband tremble and expire.  
'T was when the peasant sought his twilight rest,  
Beneath the brow of yonder breezy hill;  
'T was when the plummy nation sought the nest,  
And all, but such as lov'd the night, were still;  
That—as I sat with all a lover's pride,  
(As was my custom when the sun withdrew)  
Dear Elusino, sudden left my side,  
And the curs'd form of man appear'd in view.  
For sport the tube he levell'd at our head,  
And, curious to behold more near my race,  
Low in the copse the artful robber laid,  
Explor'd our haunt, and thunder'd at the place.  
Ingrateful wretch! he was our shepherd's son—  
The harmless good old tenant of yon cot!—  
That shepherd would not such a deed have done!—  
'T was love to him that fixed us to this spot.  
Oft, as at eve his homeward steps he bent,  
When the laborious task of day was o'er,

Our mellow'd warbling sooth'd him as he went,  
'Till the charm'd hind—forgot that he was poor.

Ah! could not this thy gratitude inspire?  
Could not our gentle visitations please?

Could not the blameless lessons of thy sire  
Restrain thy barb'rous hand from crimes like these?

Oh, cruel boy! thou tyrant of the plain!

Couldst thou but see the sorrows thou hast made,

Or didst thou know the virtues thou hast slain,

And view the gloomy horrors of the shade:

Couldst thou—behold—my infant younglings lay,

In the moss cradle, which our bills prepar'd;

Babes as they were—the offspring of the day—

Their wings defenceless, and their bosoms bar'd:

Surely the mighty malice of thy kind,

Thy pow'r to wrong, and readiness to kill,

In common pity, to the parent's mind,

Would cease the new-made father's blood to spill.

Haply—the time may come, when heav'n shall give

To thee the troubles thou hast heap'd on me.

Haply—ere well thy babes begin to live,

Death may present the dart of misery.

Just as the tender hope begins to rise,

As the fond mother hugs her darling boy;

As the big rapture trembles in the eyes,

And the breast throbs with all a parent's joy;

Then may some midnight robber—skill'd in guile,

Resolv'd on plunder and on deeds of death,

Thy fairy prospects—tender transports spoil,

And to the knife—resign thy children's breath!

In that sad moment shall thy savage heart,

Feel the keen anguish, desperate and wild,

Conscience forlorn, shall doubly point the smart;  
 And justice whisper—this is child for child.—  
 'Rest of their sire—my babes, alas! must sigh—  
 For grief obstructs the widow's anxious care;  
 This wasted form—this ever-weeping eye,  
 And the deep note of destitute despair;  
 All load this bosom with a freight so sore,  
 Scarce can I cater for their daily food!  
 Where'er I search—my husband search'd before—  
 And soon—my nest, will hold—an orphan brood.

### ON MRS. BOWES.

BY LADY M. W. MONTAGUE.

Hail, happy bride! for thou art truly blest:  
 Three months of pleasure crown'd with endless rest!  
 Merit like yours was heav'n's peculiar care;  
 You lov'd—yet tasted happiness sincere:  
 The sweets of love to you were only shewn,  
 The sure, succeeding, bitter dregs, unknown.  
 You had not yet the fatal change deplor'd,  
 The tender lover for th' imperious lord,  
 Nor felt the pangs, that jealous fondness brings,  
 Nor wept the coldness, from possession springs:  
 Above your sex, distinguish'd in your fate,  
 You trusted, yet experienc'd no deceit.  
 Swift were your hours, and, wing'd with pleasure flew:  
 No vain repentance gave a sigh to you,  
 And, if superior bliss heav'n can bestow,  
 With fellow-angels you enjoy it now.

## THE BLACKBIRDS.

BY RICHARD JAGO.

The sun had chas'd the mountain snow,  
His beams had pierc'd the stubborn soil,  
The melting streams began to flow,  
And plowmen urg'd their annual toil.

'T was then, amidst the vocal throng,  
Whom nature wak'd to mirth and love,  
A blackbird rais'd his am'rous song,  
And thus it echo'd through the grove :

O fairest of the feather'd train !

For whom I sing, for whom I burn,  
Attend with pity to my strain,  
And grant my love a kind return.

For see, the wint'ry storms are flown,  
And zephyrs gently fan the air;  
Let us the genial influence own,  
Let us the vernal pastime share.

The raven plumes his jetty wing,  
To please his croaking paramour ;  
The larks responsive carols sing,  
And tell their passion as they soar :

But does the raven's sable wing  
Excel the glossy jet of mine ?

Or can the lark more sweetly sing,  
Than we, who strength with softness join.

O let me then thy steps attend !

I'll point new treasures to thy sight :

Whether the grove thy wish befriend,

Or hedge-rows green, or meadows bright.

I'll guide thee to the clearest rill,  
 Whose streams among the pebbles stray;  
 There will we sip, and sip our fill;  
 Or on the flow'ry margin play.  
 I'll lead thee to the thickest brake,  
 Impervious to the school-boy's eye;  
 For thee the plaster'd nest I'll make,  
 And to thy downy bosom fly.  
 When, prompted by a mother's care,  
 Thy warmth shall form th' imprison'd young,  
 The pleasing task I'll gladly share,  
 Or cheer thy labours with a song.  
 To bring thee food I'll range the fields,  
 And cull the best of ev'ry kind,  
 Whatever nature's bounty yields,  
 And love's assiduous care can find.  
 And when my lovely mate would stray,  
 To taste the summer sweets at large,  
 I'll wait at home the live-long day,  
 And fondly tend our little charge.  
 Then prove with me the sweets of love,  
 With me divide the cares of life,  
 No bush shall boast in all the grove,  
 A mate so fond, so blest a wife.  
 He ceas'd his song—the plummy dame  
 Heard with delight the love-sick strain,  
 Nor long conceal'd a mutual flame,  
 Nor long repress'd his am'rous pain.  
 He led her to the nuptial bow'r,  
 And perch'd with triumph by her side;  
 What gilded roof could boast that hour  
 A fonder mate, or happier bride?



Next morn he wak'd her with a song ;  
" Behold," he said, " the new-born day,  
The lark his matten-peal has rung,  
Arise, my love, and come away."

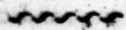
Together through the fields they stray'd,  
And to the murm'ring riv'let's side,  
Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd, and play'd  
With artless joy, and decent pride.

When O ! with grief my muse relates  
What dire misfortune clos'd the tale,  
Sent by an order from the fates,  
A gunner met them in the vale.

Alarm'd, the lover cry'd, my dear,  
Haste, haste away, from danger fly ;  
Here, gunner, point thy thunder here,  
O spare my love, and let me die.

At him the gunner took his aim,  
Too sure the volly'd thunder flew !  
O had he chose some other game,  
Or shot—as he was wont to do !

Divided pair! forgive the wrong,  
While I with tears your fate rehearse,  
I'll join the widow's plaintive song,  
And save the lover in my verse.



## THE GOLDFINCHES.

BY RICHARD JAGO.

To William Shenstone.

"Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes  
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros."

To you, whose groves protect the feather'd choirs,  
Who lend their artless notes a willing ear,  
To you, whom pity moves, and taste inspires,  
The Doric strain belongs, O Shenstone, hear.  
'T was gentle spring, when all the plummy race,  
By nature taught, in nuptial leagues combine  
A goldfinch joy'd to meet the warm embrace,  
And with her mate in love's delights to join.  
All in a garden, on a currant bush,  
With wond'rous art they built their airy seat;  
In the next orchard liv'd a friendly thrush,  
Nor distant far a woodlark's soft retreat.  
Here blest with ease, and in each other blest,  
With early songs they wak'd the neighb'ring groves,  
Till time matur'd their joys, and crown'd their nest  
With infant pledges of their faithful loves.  
And now what transport glow'd in either's eye!  
What equal fondness dealt the allotted food?  
What joy each other's likeness to descry,  
And future sonnets in the chirping brood!  
But ah! what earthly happiness can last?  
How does the fairest purpose often fail?

A truant schoolboy's wantonness could blast  
Their flatt'ring hopes, and leave them both to wail.  
The most ungentle of his tribe was he,  
No gen'rous precept ever touch'd his heart,  
With concord false, and hideous prosody  
He scrawl'd his task, and blundered o'er his part.  
On mischief bent, he mark'd, with rav'nous eyes,  
Where wrapt in down the callow songsters lay,  
Then rushing rudely seiz'd the glitt'ring prize,  
And bore it in his impious hands away!  
But how shall I describe, in numbers rude,  
The pangs for poor Chrysomitris decreed,  
When from her secret stand aghast she view'd  
The cruel spoiler perpetrate the deed?  
O grief of griefs! with shrieking voice she cry'd,  
What sight is this that I have liv'd to see!  
O! that I had in youth's fair season dy'd,  
From love's false joys, and bitter sorrows free.  
Was it for this, alas! with weary bill,  
Was it for this I pois'd th' unwieldy straw?  
For this I bore the moss from yonder hill,  
Nor shunn'd the pond'rous stick along to draw.  
Was it for this I pick'd the wool with care,  
Intent with nicer skill our work to crown;  
For this, with pain, I bent the stubborn hair,  
And lin'd our cradle with the thistle's down?  
Was it for this my freedom I resign'd,  
And ceas'd to rove at large from plain to plain;  
For this I sat at home whole days confin'd,  
To bear the scorching heat and pealing rain?  
Was it for this my watchful eyes grew dim;  
For this the roses on my cheeks turn'd pale?

Pale is my golden plumage, once so trim,  
 And all my wonted mirth and spirits fail!  
 O plund'rer vile! O more than adders fell!  
 More murd'rous than the cat, with prudish face!  
 Fiercer than kites in whom the furies dwell,  
 And thievish as the cuckow's pilf'ring race!  
 May juicy plumbs for thee forbear to grow;  
 For thee no flow'r unveil its charming dies;  
 May birch trees thrive to work thee sharper woe,  
 And flst'ning starlings mock thy frantic cries.  
 Thus sang the mournful bird her piteous tale,  
 The piteous tale her mournful mate return'd,  
 Then side by side they sought the distant vale,  
 And there in secret sadness inly mourn'd.

## THE SWALLOWS.

BY RICHARD JAGO.

## PART I.

Ere yellow autumn from our plains retir'd,  
And gave to wint'ry storms the vary'd year,  
The swallow-race with prescient gift inspir'd,  
To southern climes prepar'd their course to steer.  
On Damon's roof a large assembly sate,  
His roof a refuge to the feather'd kind!  
With serious look he mark'd the grave debate,  
And to his Delia thus address'd his mind:  
Observe yon twitt'ring flock, my gentle maid!  
Observe, and read the wond'rous ways of heav'n!  
With us through summer's genial reign they stay'd,  
And food, and sunshine to their wants were giv'n.  
But now, by secret instinct taught, they know  
The near approach of elemental strife,  
Of blust'ring tempests, and of chilling snow,  
With ev'ry pang and scourge of tender life.  
Thus warn'd they meditate a speedy flight,  
From this ev'n now they prune their vig'rous wing.  
For this each other to the toil excite,  
And prove their strength in many a sportive ring.  
No sorrow loads their breasts, or dims their eye,  
To quit their wonted haunts, or native home,  
Nor fear they launching on the boundless sky,  
In search of future settlements to roam.

They feel a pow'r, an impulse all divine,  
That warns them hence, they feel it, and obey,  
To this direction all their cares resign,  
Unknown their destin'd stage, unmark'd their way.  
Peace to your flight! ye mild domestic race!  
O! for your wings to travel with the sun!  
Health brace your nerves, and zephyrs aid your pace,  
Till your long voyage happily be done.  
See, Delia, on my roof your guests to-day,  
To-morrow on my roof your guests no more,  
Ere yet 't is night with haste they wing away,  
To-morrow lands them on some happier shore.  
How just the moral in this scene convey'd!  
And what without a moral? would we read!  
Then mark what Damon tells his gentle maid,  
And with his lesson register the deed.  
So youthful joys fly like the summer's gale,  
So threats the winter of inclement age,  
Life's busy plot a short, fantastic tale!  
And nature's changeful scenes the shifting stage!  
And does no friendly pow'r to man dispense  
The joyful tidings of some happier clime?  
Find we no guide in gracious providence  
Beyond the gloomy grave, and short-liv'd time?  
Yes, yes the sacred oracles we hear,  
That point the path to realms of endless joy.  
That bid our trembling hearts no danger fear,  
Tho' clouds surround, and angry skies annoy.  
Then let us wisely for our flight prepare,  
Nor count this stormy world our fix'd abode,  
Obey the call, and trust our leader's care,  
To smooth the rough, and light the darksome road.



Moses, by grant divine, led Israel's host  
Through dreary paths to Jordan's fruitful side;  
But we a loftier theme than theirs can boast,  
A better promise, and a nobler guide.

## PART II.

At length winter's howling blasts are o'er,  
Array'd in smiles the lovely spring returns,  
Now fuell'd hearths attractive blaze no more,  
And ev'ry breast with inward fervour burns.  
Again the daisies peep, the violets blow,  
Again the vocal tenants of the grove  
Forgot the pratt'ling hail, or driving snow,  
Renew the lay to melody and love.  
And see, my Delia, see o'er yonder stream,  
Where, on the bank, the lambs in gambols play,  
Alike attracted by the sunny gleam,  
Again the swallows take their wonted way.  
Welcome, ye gentle tribe, your sports pursue,  
Welcome again to Delia, and to me,  
Your peaceful councils on my roof renew,  
And plan new settlements from danger free.  
Again I'll listen to your grave debates,  
Again I'll hear your twitt'ring songs unfold  
What policy directs your wand'ring states,  
What bounds are settl'd and what tribes enroll'd.  
Again I'll hear you tell of distant lands,  
What insect nations rise from Egypt's mud,  
What painted swarms subsist on Lybia's sands,  
What Ganges yields, and what th' Euphratean flood.  
Thrice happy race! whom nature's call invites  
To travel o'er her realms with active wing,

To taste her various stores, her best delights,  
The summer's radiance, and the sweets of spring.  
While we are doom'd to bear the restless change  
Of varying seasons, vapours dank and dry,  
Forbid like you in milder climes to range,  
When wint'ry storms usurp the low'ring sky.  
Yet know the period to your joys assign'd,  
Know ruin hovers o'er this earthly ball,  
As lofty tow'rs stoop prostrate to the wind,  
Its secret props of adamant shall fail.

But when yon radiant sun shall shine no more,  
The spirit, freed from sin's tyrannic sway,  
On lighter pinions borne than yours shall soar  
To fairer realms beneath a brighter ray.  
To plains ethereal, and celestial bow'rs,  
Where wint'ry storms no rude access obtain,  
Where blasts no light'ning, and no tempest low'rs,  
But ever-smiling spring and pleasure reign.

## ON MY DYING ASS, PETER.

BY DR. WOLCOT.

Friend of my youthful days ! for ever past,  
When whim and harmless folly rul'd the hour :  
Ah ! art thou stretch'd amidst the straw at last !—  
These eyes with tears thy dying looks devour.  
Blest, would I soften thy hard bed of death,  
And with new floods the fount of life supply.—  
O PETER ! blest would I prolong thy breath,  
Renew each nerve, and cheer thy beamless eye.  
But wherefore wish ?—Thy lot is that of all—  
Thy friend, who mourns, must yield to nature's law—  
Like thee must sink—and o'er each dark'ning ball,  
Will death's cold hand the eternal curtain draw.  
Piteous thou liftest up thy feeble head,  
And mark'st me dimly, with a dumb adieu—  
And thus amid thy hopeless looks I read,  
“ Faint is thy servant, and his moments few.  
With thee no longer blest, the lanes I tread—  
Those times, so happy, are for ever o'er—  
Ah ! why should fate so cruel cut our thread,  
And part a friendship that must meet no more ?  
Oh ! when these lids shall close (the will of fate),  
Oh ! let in peace these aged limbs be laid—  
'Mid that lov'd field which saw us oft of late,  
Beneath our fav'rite willow's ample shade.  
And if thy master chance to wander nigh,  
Beside the spot where PETER's bones repose,  
Oh ! let your servant claim one little sigh—  
Grant this—and, blest, these eyes for ever close.”

Yes, thou poor SPIRIT, yes—thy wish is mine—  
Yes, be thy grave beneath the willow's gloom—  
There shall the sod, the greenest sod be thine;  
And there the brightest flow'r of spring shall bloom.

Oft to the field as HEALTH my footstep draws,  
Thy turf shall surely catch thy master's eye;  
There on thy sleep of death shall friendship pause,  
Dwell on past days, and leave thee with a sigh.

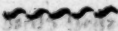
Sweet's the remembrance of your youthful hours,  
When innocence upon our actions smil'd!—

What tho' AMBITION scorn'd our humble pow'rs,  
Thou a wild cub, and I a cub as wild?

Pleas'd will I tell how oft we us'd to roam;  
How oft we wander'd at the peep of morn;  
Till night would wrap the world in spectr'd gloom,  
And silence listen'd to the beetle's horn.

Thy victories will I recount with joy;  
The various trophies by thy fleetness won;  
And boast that I, thy play-fellow, a boy,  
Beheld the feats by name-sake PETER won.

Yes, yes (for grief must yield at times to glee),  
Amidst my friends I oft will tell our tale;  
When lo, these friends will rush thy sod to see,  
And call thy peaceful region PETER'S VALL.



## DELIA.

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

— tecum ut longæ sociarem gaudia vitæ,  
Inque tuo caderet nostra senecta sinu. *Tibul.*

Yes, Delia, loves! My fondest vows are blest;  
Farewell the memory of her past disdain;  
One kind relenting glance has heal'd my breast,  
And balanc'd in a moment years of pain.

O'er her soft cheek consenting blushes move,  
And with kind stealth her secret soul betray;  
Blushes, which usher in the morn of love,  
Sure as the red'ning east foretels the day.

Her tender smiles shall pay me with delight  
For many a bitter pang of jealous fear;  
For many an anxious day, and sleepless night,  
For many a stifled sigh, and silent tear.

Delia shall come, and bless my lone retreat;  
She does not scorn the shepherd's lowly life;  
She will not blush to leave the splendid seat,  
And own the title of a poor man's wife.

The simple knot shall bind her gather'd hair,  
The russet garment clasp her lovely breast:  
Delia shall mix among the rural fair,  
By charms alone distinguish'd from the rest.

And meek Simplicity, neglected maid,  
Shall bid my fair in native graces shine:  
She, only she, shall lend her modest aid,  
Chaste, sober priestess, at sweet beauty's shrine!

How sweet to muse by murmuring springs reclin'd;  
Or loitering careless in the shady grove,  
Indulge the gentlest feelings of the mind,  
And pity those who live to aught but love!—

When Delia's hand unlocks her shining hair,  
And o'er her shoulder spreads the flowing gold,  
Base were the man who one bright tress would spare  
For all the ore of India's coarser mold.

By her dear side with what content I'd toil,  
Patient of any labour in her sight;  
Guide the slow plough, or turn the stubborn soil,  
Till the last ling'ring beam of doubtful light.

But softer tasks divide my Delia's hours;  
To watch the firstlings at their harmless play;  
With welcome shade to screen the languid flow'rs,  
That sicken in the Summer's parching ray.

Oft will she stoop amidst her ev'ning walk,  
With tender hand each bruised plant to rear;  
To bind the drooping lily's broken stalk,  
And nurse the blossoms of the infant year.

When beating rains forbid our feet to roam,  
We'll shelter'd sit, and turn the storied page;  
There see what passions shake the lofty dome  
With mad ambition or ungovern'd rage:

What headlong ruin oft involves the great;  
What conscious terrors guilty bosoms prove;  
What strange and sudden turns of adverse fate  
Tear the sad virgin from her plighted love.

Delia shall read, and drop a gentle tear;  
Then cast her eyes around the low-roof'd cot,  
And own the fates have dealt more kindly here,  
That blest with only love our little lot.



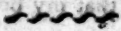
For love has sworn (I heard the awful vow)  
The wav'ring heart shall never be his care,  
That stoops at any baser shrine to bow;  
And what he cannot rule, he scorns to share.

My heart in Delia is so fully blest,  
It has no room to lodge another joy;  
My peace all leans upon that gentle breast,  
And only there misfortune can annoy.

Our silent hours shall steal unmark'd away  
In one long tender calm of rural peace;  
And measure many a fair unblemish'd day  
Of cheerful leisure and poetic ease.

The proud unfeeling world their lot shall scorn  
Who 'midst inglorious shades can poorly dwell;  
Yet if some youth, for gentler passions born,  
Shall chance to wander near our lowly cell,

His feeling breast with purer flames shall glow;  
And leaving pomp and state and cares behind,  
Shall own the world has little to bestow,  
Where two fond hearts in equal love are join'd.



## TO HER WHO WILL BEST REMEMBER IT.

When strong affliction deeply wounds the breast,  
When sorrow sits upon the moisten'd eye;  
When the heart sinks with pond'rous grief oppress,  
And the sad bosom heaves with many a sigh;  
Lost to all life, averse to ev'ry joy,  
Disdaining comfort, scorning all repose,  
The pensive soul can brook but one employ—  
Brooding in gloomy silence o'er its woes.  
Come then, thou partner of my cheerless hour,  
Come, faithful muse, and seek the lonely grove,  
Retire with me to yon sequester'd bow'r,  
And mark the story of my luckless love.  
For thou, the truest, tenderest, best of friends,  
The fond companion of my earliest youth,  
Wilt share each anguish that my bosom rends,  
Untir'd wilt listen, and unseen wilt sooth.  
Oft hast thou tried, and oft with kind success,  
To smooth the sorrows of my aching brow;  
But ah! I never felt severe distress,  
Or prov'd th' extreme of misery till now.  
Full well thou know'st, in life's unripen'd morn,  
With thoughtless ease I pass'd the frolick day;  
Fluck'd ev'ry rose, and where I found a thorn,  
Threw, careless threw th' unheeded flow'r away.  
Resolv'd the roving, restless mind to cure,  
And guide the future diff'rent from the past,

I sought for sweets that might through life endure,  
And fondly fancied they were found at last,  
I saw the lovliest rose that grac'd the land,  
With blooming fragrance gladd'ning all around ;  
Too bold, perhaps, I stretch'd the forward hand,  
Yet miss'd the flow'r, and inly felt a wound.  
Felt ! did I say ! deep rankling in my heart,  
No time can mitigate my suff'ring there ;  
Hope lends no friendly balsam for the smart,  
And all my black'ning prospects frown despair.  
And yet, lov'd maid ! if partial to my muse,  
Her artless numbers thou wilt deign to hear ;  
If, softly sighing thou wilt not refuse  
To shed with her one sympathizing tear ;  
That single tear that dews ELIZA's cheek,  
Shall for a moment wash my griefs away ;  
That sigh, tho' half suppress, shall more than speak,  
And gild the evening of each mournful day.  
Then shall I think 'twas not ELIZA's heart,  
'T was not her gentle breast refus'd to glow ;  
'T was not ELIZA's self who bade us part,  
The world, the unfeeling world pronounc'd it so.  
The unfeeling world that thinks, where riches roll,  
Where titles blazon, joys can never cease ;  
That waves each soft emotion of the soul,  
And builds on public clamour private peace.  
And yet, ELIZA, thou may'st live to prove,  
And thy fond heart may own it with a sigh,  
That the endearing sweets of mutual love,  
No wealth, no state, no splendour can supply.  
Form'd as thou art, with ev'ry outward grace,  
With ev'ry inward virtue richly fraught,

Think, if thy tenderness thou should'st misplace,  
Pride, pomp, and grandeur may be dearly bought.

Tho' honour's noblest circle thou 'lt adorn,  
And dignify in ev'ry sphere the wife,  
ELIZA; or I much mistake, was born  
To shine amidst the soften'd joys of life.

For me, whom poignant woes must still depress,  
Each future hour to sorrow I resign;  
Death only can alleviate my distress,  
And the last parting moment shall be thine!

*From "The Poetry of the World."*

### TO PITY.

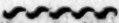
Hail, lovely pow'r! whose bosom heaves a sigh,  
When Fancy paints the scene of deep distress;  
Whose tears spontaneous chrystallize the eye,  
When rigid fate denies the pow'r to bless.

Not all the sweets Arabia's gales convey  
From flow'ry meads, can with that sigh compare:  
Not dew drops glitt'ring in the morning ray,  
Seem near so beauteous as that falling tear.

Devoid of fear the fawns around thee play;  
Emblem of peace the dove before thee flies;  
No blood-stain'd traces mark thy blameless way,  
Beneath thy feet no hapless insect dies.

Come, lovely nymph! and range the mead with me,  
To spring the partridge from the guileful foe,  
From secret snares the struggling bird to free,  
And stop the hand uprais'd to give the blow.

And when the air with heat meridian glows,  
And nature droops beneath the conq'ring gleam,  
Let us slow wand'ring where the current flows,  
Save sinking flies that float along the stream,  
Or turn to nobler greater tasks thy care,  
To me thy sympathetic gifts impart;  
Teach me in friendship's griefs to bear a share;  
And justly boast the gen'rous feeling heart.  
Teach me to sooth the helpless orphan's grief,  
With timely aid the widow's woes assuage,  
To misery's moving cries to yield relief,  
And be the sure resource of drooping age.  
So when the genial spring of life shall fade,  
And sinking nature owns the dread decay,  
Some soul congenial then may lend its aid,  
And gild the close of life's eventful day.



## ASTERIA ROCKING THE CRADLE.

BY G. DYER.

—Κιλομία, εὐδοί ἑρπός. SIMONIDES.

'Tis fair Asteria's fond employ  
 To rock yon little restless boy;  
 How great a treasure does contain  
 That cradle, in its small domain!  
 Not all Arabia's spicy store,  
 Not all Golconda's glitt'ring ore,  
 Elysian fields, nor Eden's grove,  
 Could buy that little restless love.  
 Sweet babe! the fair Asteria cries;  
 Sweet babe! the list'ning muse replies;  
 While here a faithful guard we keep,  
 Sweet babe! enjoy the honied sleep.  
 Now hush, the sobs! and hush, the cries!  
 Lo, gentle slumbers close his eyes!  
 And here a faithful guard we keep;  
 Sweet babe! enjoy the honied sleep.  
 Ere yon fair orb, that rules the sky,  
 Beam'd on that lovely infant's eye;  
 And ere it whimper'd, ere it wept,  
 Close in the silent womb it slept.  
 And, who can tell the bitter smart  
 That pierc'd Asteria's trembling heart?  
 Yet sure there's magic in that boy,  
 That wakes the soft parental joy.



And still Asteria's languid face  
Wears the pale primrose' sickly grace:  
Yet o'er that face what brilliant hues  
Can her beloved babe diffuse!

How sweet beside the cradle's brink  
In musing state to sit and think!\*  
No dasy'd bank, no green hill's side,  
So shines in nature's decent pride.

Now see the babe unclothe his eyes!  
And see the mother's transport rise!  
How ev'ry feature charms her sight!  
How ev'ry motion wakes delight!

What rising beauties there she views!  
The rosy lip, the polish'd nose,  
The slender eye-brow budding thin,  
The velvet cheek, the dimpling chin.

Anon she views the sparkling eye,  
The lifted hand, the tuneful cry;  
And hast'ning on through years to come,  
She traces out his future doom.

"Haply he'll plead religion's cause,  
Or weep o'er freedom's bleeding laws;  
Or feel the poet's sacred rage,  
Or trace the dark historic page."

Nor is so sweet the sweetest gale,  
That breathes across the silent vale,  
From myrtle grove, or garden's bloom,  
As is the honied breath's perfume.

At length she breathes the pious pray'r:  
"Great God, oh! make my child thy care!"

\* With me the muse shall sit and think  
At ease reclin'd in rustic state.

And may his future actions be  
 Sacred to virtue and to thee!  
 Whatever fortune then betide,  
 Thou shalt his portion still abide;  
 And when the course of life is run,  
 He'll wear a never-with'ring crown."

### ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Take, holy earth, all that my soul holds dear;  
 Take that best gift which heav'n so lately gave:  
 To Bristol's fount I bore, with trembling care,  
 Her faded form; she bow'd to taste the wave,\*  
 And died. Does youth, does beauty read the line?  
 Does sympathetic fear their breast alarm?  
 Speak, dead Maria, breath a strain divine,  
 Ev'n from the grave thou shalt have pow'r to charm,  
 Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee;  
 Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move;  
 And if so fair, from vanity so free,  
 So firm in friendship, and so fond in love;  
 Tell them, tho' 't is an awful thing to die,  
 ('T was ev'n to thee) yet the dread path once trod,  
 Heav'n lifts its everlasting portals high,  
 And bids the pure in heart behold their God,

\* Mrs. Mason died at Bristol Wells, while drinking a glass of the waters.

